



# ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

*Actus primus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter young Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.*

*Mother.*

**I**N deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euer more in subiection.

**Laf.** You shall find of the King a husband Madam, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse would fittre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

**Mo.** What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

**Laf.** He hath abandon'd his Plaisitions Madam, vnder whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the proceffe, but onely the looking of hope by time.

**Mo.** This young Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortall, and death should haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

**Laf.** How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

**Mo.** He was famous fir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

**Laf.** He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd still, if knowledge could be set vp against mortallitie.

**Ref.** What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

**Laf.** A Fistula my Lord.

**Ref.** I heard not of it before.

**Laf.** I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

**Mo.** His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouerlooking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vnclane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her honestie,

and atcheenes her goodnesse.

**Lafew.** Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

**Mo.** 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to haue

**Hel.** I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too. **Laf.** Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive greefe the enemy to the liuing.

**Mo.** If the liuing be enemy to the greefe, the excessive makes it soone mortall.

**Ref.** Maddam I desire your holie wishes.

**Laf.** How vnderstand we that?

**Mo.** Be thou blest *Bertram*, and succed thy fathers in manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then vs: and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be cheere for silence, But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head, Farewell my Lord, 'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Aduise him.

**Laf.** He cannot want the best That shall attend his loue.

**Mo.** Heauen blese him: Farewell *Bertram*.

**Ref.** The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be seruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Mistis, and make much of her.

**Laf.** Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

**Hel.** O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was he like?

I haue forgot him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*. I am vndone, there is no liuing, none, If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one, That I should loue a bright particuler starre,

And think to wed it, he is so aboue me In his bright radiance and colateral light,

*All's Well, that Ends Well.*

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere; Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe: The hind that would be mated by the Lion Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague To see him euerie houre to sit and draw His arch'd browes, his hawking eye, his turtles In our heares table: heart too capable Of euerie line and trick of his sweet fauour. But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancies Must sanctifie his Reliques: Who comes heere?

*Enter Parrolles.*

One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake, And yet I know him a notorious Liar, and a coward. Thinke him a great way soole, folie a coward, Yet these six euils hee so fit in him, That they take place, when Vertues steely bones Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see Cold wisdom waighting on superfluous folie.

**Par.** Saue you faire Queene.

**Hel.** And you Monarch.

**Par.** No.

**Hel.** And no.

**Par.** Are you meditating on virginities?

**Hel.** Is you haue some staine of fouldier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enemy to virginities, how may we barracado it against him?

**Par.** Keepe him out.

**Hel.** But he assailes, and our virginities though valiant, in the defence yer weak: vnfold to vs some warlike resistance.

**Par.** There is none: Man setting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

**Hel.** Blessé our poore Virginities from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

**Par.** Virginities being blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your Citie. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preferre virginity. Losse of Virginities, is rationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin gone, till virginities was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginities, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

**Hel.** I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

**Par.** There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginities, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginities murders it selfe, and should be buried in high wayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginities breeds mites, much like a Cheefe, consumes it selfe to the very paying, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginities is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Canon. Keepe it not, you cannot choole but loose by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

**Hel.** How might one do fir, to loose it to her owne liking?

**Par.** Let mee see it likes. 'Tis a common The longer kept, the vendible. Answer th an olde Courtier, well suted, but vnsecure pick, which were no Pye and your Porred virginities, your old wither'd peares, it lo wither'd peare: it wa wither'd peare: Will

**Hel.** Not my virg

There shall your Ma

A Mother, and a Mist

A Phenix, Capitaine,

A guide, a Goddesse,

A Counsellor, a Trai

His humble ambition

His iarring, concord

His faith, his sweet d

Of pretty fond adopt

That blinking Cupid

I know not what he s

The Courts a learning

**Par.** What one if

**Hel.** That I with

**Par.** What's pittie

**Hel.** That wishin

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Whose bafer starres

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Returnes vs thanks.

**Par.** Monsieur P

My Lord calls for you

**Par.** Little Hellen

will thinke of thee at

**Hel.** Monsieur P

charitable starre.

**Par.** Vnder Mars

**Hel.** I especially th

**Par.** Why vnder

**Hel.** The warres

must needs be borne

**Par.** When he w

**Hel.** When he w

**Par.** Why thinke

**Hel.** You go so m

**Par.** That's for a

**Hel.** So is runni

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weare well.

**Par.** I am so fu

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thee away, farewell

praisers: when thou